

WILD RUMORS FROM WALL STREET ARE AS DAMAGING AS ENEMY LIES

AS BAD as the German propaganda is the fabled "news" sent out over private wires and scattered broadcast over the country. It is generally extremely favorable "news" which tends to send the spirits of the American people soaring. It reports a great victory or a great drive or a great advantage of some kind, nearly always for the allies, in all of which there is not more than a mere shred of truth, if indeed there is even a shred. Most often it is nothing but a pure fabrication.

We have had a number of these wild stories in the past few months. Most of them have come since the Germans began their grand offensive this spring. There was the one that 80,000 Germans had been captured. In some places another cipher was added for good measure, making it 800,000. It really didn't make any difference, because one set of figures was as much a lie as the other. This bit of fiction was carried on a railroad wire and newspapers everywhere were busy for hours answering telephone calls and obliged to dash the hopes of the people by saying nothing had been received from any reputable source to justify such a report.

Then there was the story that the German crown prince had been killed. That caused more excitement and the newspapers had another bad session, disappointing their inquirers by telling them the report unfortunately was untrue. The only foundation for that rumor—which had been sent out over a private wire as a straight statement of fact—was that an obscure member of the German nobility, the prince of Reuss—had been killed in action. The great news gathering agencies dismissed him with about three lines.

A day or two ago came a third wild story, that the French had broken through the German line on a 56-mile front. Like its predecessors, this rumor spread along El Paso's streets and through hotel lobbies, dining rooms and restaurants, creating many an impromptu celebration. One might suppose this story would appear so improbable on the face of it, in view of the course of the fighting heretofore, that people would not credit it. But the unusual has become the usual in this gigantic combat and the unexpected has occurred so often that nothing is improbable any more. People who heard this story and became excited about it doubtless had in mind the allied army of maneuver of which we have heard so much and which, so far as we know, has not yet been in action. It has been expected to deal a blow somewhere on the west front, but could not make a successful attack on a front of 56 miles unless it is very much larger than has heretofore been supposed. In fact, there is some doubt whether the army of maneuver has not already been swallowed up in the fighting and no longer exists as an independent force. At any rate, there was no foundation whatever for this story and it was undoubtedly manufactured in its entirety, as complete a bit of lying propaganda as ever emanated from an enemy source.

There are but a few conspicuous examples of imaginary battle operations sent out to the people of the United States almost daily, and most of them coming from New York. Usually they are transmitted over brokers' wires from New York houses to their inland connections. Apparently their purpose is to create a spirit of optimism, an extreme and false optimism, tending to build the market and force the prices of favored stocks up with heavy buying orders. Trying to manipulate the war spirit of a people in order to turn it into cash in Wall street is as despicable as anything can be. The rule must have succeeded or it would not be repeated over and over.

The federal government ought to have a way of suppressing these harmful stories. If the "bucketshops" sent out equally baseless reports of great German successes, they would quickly enough find themselves in trouble. Really, though, baseless reports of victories are as bad as baseless reports of defeats. The after effect of one is as bad as the direct effect of the other.

The allies will win this war as certainly as the sun's rising, but the war will not be won on a campaign of lies, and an earnest, sacrificing people deserves to be spared being stung by a swarm of money leeches.

Little Interviews

Harwell Says That 24 Acre-Inches Irrigation Is About Right State Courts' Penalties For Vice Are More Severe Than U. S.

"THESE have been a number of easterners who made failures as farmers in the southwest because of over irrigation," said farm agent Roland Harwell. "I have known some to use as much as seven acre feet per year, under general conditions in this section, 24 acre inches is sufficient. The problem of irrigation is

Abe Marlin



ANYBODY that's tried to get out of a elevator in a department store knows what a mass formation it is. It must be a peculiar situation to have a wife that don't care what you do.

Uncle Walt's Denatured Poem.

The Profiteer

I HOPE the end of war is peering; and when the peace bells chime, the men enriched by profiteering will have a busy time. Just now, in all the hurly burly, they may put things across; by profiteering late and early, stack up a lot of dross. Just now they may be undetected, we have so much on hand, with countless problems unexpected to solve and understand. We are so busy chasing traitors, unearthing spies, we're wearing out our Sunday garters, and skip the cheaper joys. But soon or late they'll be spotted, no be exempt; and they'll be beaten down and swatted by honest men's contempt. The open foe may be forgiven, but pardon there'll be none for him whose bargains all were driven to help out Number One. We may forgive the spy whose labors were by his king ordained; the work of one who barks his neighbors can never be explained. When war is done, and clouds have lifted, and Mars has sunk to sleep, we'll see that all the goats are sifted and sorted from the sheep. Then happier the ragged pauper, without a coin in hand, than any man who thought it proper to cheat his native land.

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WALT MASON

Italy Comes To The North

NEWS that the Italian army is being sent to France creates the liveliest interest in all the belligerent countries because it shows how promptly the entente is mobilizing forces to finally break up this German offensive which has manifested itself in greater strength than anticipated. Had the true size of the enemy offensive been foreseen, adequate measures would have been taken long ago, but while the intelligence departments of the allied armies had full information of the coming blow between St. Quentin and Arras, there was nothing to indicate an equal blow, falling almost coincidentally, between La Bassée and Ypres.

The bringing in of the Italian army, important increments are already on the right wing of the allied lines, means that more veteran French troops will be relieved to strengthen the dam which holds back the German flood at places of greatest pressure. A part of that relief may be spoken of as already having been accomplished. The Italians have been placed on sectors of the line where no intense fighting is now occurring, and the French whom they displace are going north to the great battlefields.

Any surprise this move may create is due to the fact that the Italians themselves were supposed to be somewhat in need of assistance, this impression having grown up simultaneously with last year's offensive by the Austro-Germans, when British and French troops were rushed to Italy in large numbers to stem the tide of invasion. However, the need of that moment was just such a number of seasoned and reliable troops to fill the vacancy caused by the breaking down of the Italian second army which for the time being was out of the fighting and held in the rear for reorganization. Since then, Italy's fighting organization has again been perfected.

Another big offensive on the Italian front is threatened by the enemy forces as soon as the weather permits, which scarcely can occur for several weeks at the earliest because the snow remains deep in the southern Alps. It is unlikely, therefore, that the Italians are weakening their line at a time when they are apt to be needed at home. Moreover, there is a growing belief that the enemy offensive on the southern front will not be attempted until either success or failure has resulted from the northern drive. The Austrian army fights well with the proper stiffening, but it takes Germans to supply the stiffening, and it is unlikely any force of Germans will be diverted to Italy during the crisis in the west. In due time, therefore, to meet any enemy attack in large force, the Italians will be routed back home.

This shifting of forces is one of the best illustrations of the advantage of being derived from unity of command. Such mobility of allied forces has been evidenced in the past eight months has never before been seen.

America's most dangerous enemy is pessimism.

Life in the Ypres area is just one German charge after another.

Service on El Paso juries often consists of sitting around and admiring a lot of nice oak furniture for an hour and then being excused till another day.

Prussian, Russian and Russian sound much a like but are very different. We are strong for the last but not for the other two.

A Connecticut professor is going to make an extensive study of trench lice, he says. He isn't the first one. Some millions of soldiers have already given "cutie" a lot of first-hand investigation.

When he saw the battlefield of Quent, even Wilhelm was appalled, says an Amsterdam dispatch. Perhaps the corpses of thousands of Germans had as much to do with rendering him speechless as the other wreckage of war.

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and which they had shipped to Denver just for that parade."

"The war camp community service wishes to emphasize that the soldiers need not feel that Sunday is a jinx. Some day for they always have a good time, a general singing afternoon and evening at Elkhart club," said A. A. Plake. "Sunday the singing will be in charge of Sgt. John W. Pennington. The enlisted men always have a place to go on Sunday afternoon, to the Elkhart club, where he will find something to interest and help him. A delegation from the house committee of the men themselves will, after this, always be on hand at stated entertainments and at other times as well, to see that everything goes well and people are introduced. This will relieve Mrs. Donna Kluge, whom the committee felt had been spending too long hours at the club, of much of the burden of the evening responsibilities."

Annual Fur Auction at

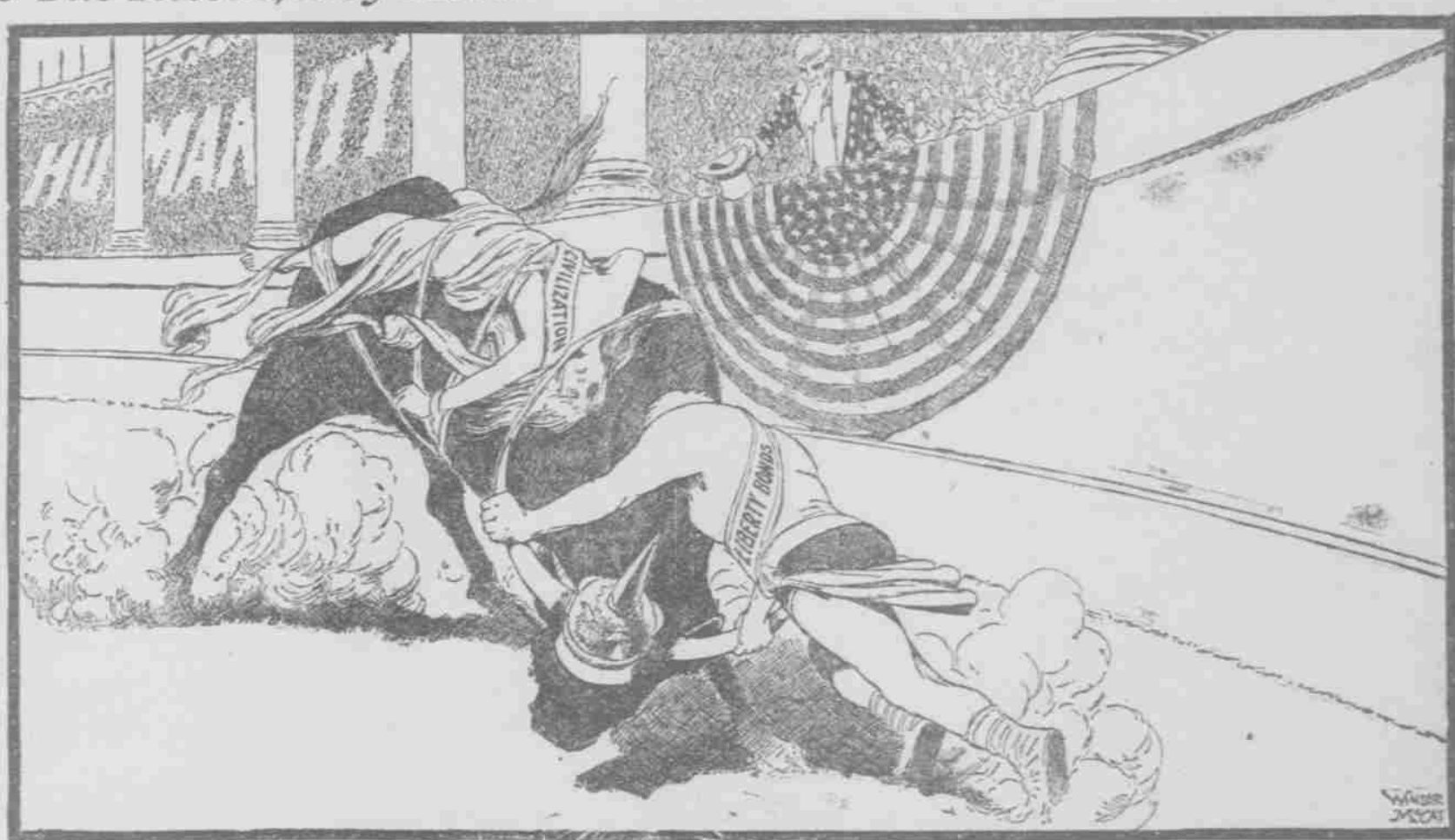
St. Louis Starts Monday

St. Louis, Mo., April 20.—The annual Spring international fur auction opens at the International Fur Exchange here Monday, with buyers from all parts of the world attending. The sale will continue all week. The United States government has 6500 Alaskan sealions on hand for the sale and all are expected to command a large price. The skins come from the Pribilof Island, where the herds have increased so rapidly that the government is sure of realizing nearly \$2,000,000 a year from the skins. Foreign firms were well represented. Buyers from the fur firms arrived in this city several days ago to arrange their work.

Oh, Man!



To The Rescue; Buy More



When Someone Else Thinks Someone Else Is Writing Your Stuff, Oh Gee!

Dear K. C. B.—Guess you will be surprised hearing from a soldier. About a week ago I wore my old civilian belt with the initials of K. C. B. on it. As I am jerking pop in an army exchange quite a few of the fellows noticed the initials and they think I'm the guy that writes that stuff in the Herald. And on top of it all my last name is Bryan, and here I have to stand behind the counter and dish out grape juice. Between you and Bryan you're getting me in awful bad. Won't you write something on the bunch will stop kidding me? Private Bryan.

MY DEAR Bryan.
FOR FIVE YEARS
I'VE BEEN writing this stuff.
AND I'VE been photographed.
WITH DOUGLAS Fairbanks,
AND CHARLIE Chaplin.
AND BILL Hart.
AND I know Zach Cobb.
AND GERALDINE Farrar.
AND W. W. Turner.
AND I'VE shaken hands.
WITH PRESIDENT Wilson.
AND THE janitor.
AT OUR apartment house.
AND TOM Lee.
ALWAYS CALLS me.
BY MY first name.
AND WITH all that.
I'VE been going around.
WITH THE idea.
THAT EVERYBODY knew me.
AND NOW you come.
WITH YOUR letter.
AND YOU tell me.
THAT AT the camp.
ALL OF the fellows.
THINK IT'S you.
THAT WRITES this stuff.
AND THAT you do it.
WHEN YOU'RE not busy.
BEHIND the counter.
WITH YOUR grape juice.
AND YOUR pop.
AND ALTOGETHER.
IT'S A terrible shock.
TO MY pride.
AND I don't care.
ABOUT MR. Bryan.
BECAUSE ONCE upon a time.
I VOTED for him.
AND I'VE held it against myself.
EVER SINCE.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

ANOTHER REASON.
When all the guns have ceased their noise.
And silence is the battle's fury.
When all the Hohenzollern boys
Are working somewhere in a brewery.
When Hindenburg is signed up for
A German movie show attraction.
You'll know your bond helped win the war.
And that will be some satisfaction.
Which Would Help a Little.
One of the best arguments for prohibition that we know is that it releases such a lot of bartenders to do men's work.
And They Never Will.
The Germans, ingenious as they are, have not yet invented a satisfactory substitute for victory.

Looks Like Propaganda.
The alleged discovery of gold in the Adirondacks came too late to enable the passage of any new appropriations for state roads to the mines, as the legislature is finished.
But We're Too Busy Now.
What the summer girls will be soon praying for is a moonlight sailing bill.
Mary Lincoln Beckwith, great-granddaughter of president Lincoln, will visit the fields in her farm in Vermont, having returned from Cuba, where she represented the woman's division of the committee on public information in the war.

The Young Lady Across The Way



THE young lady across the way says she's feeling against Germany in so strong that she imagines a good deal of puff-blow history will be written about this war.

Threatening Letters No Offense, Says Official

Washington, D. C., April 20.—If the morning mail should bring a letter from your worst enemy threatening bodily violence at the first opportunity and also informing you that he intended to burn your house, barn, corn crib and other buildings, all you could do would be to smile sickly and say for the police to be around when he showed up.
For, under the present law, according to the attorney general it is no offense to send threatening letters through the mails unless in furtherance of a scheme to defraud, or as a means of accomplishing extortion.
Letters threatening injury to life or property," says his report, "may be sent with impunity. Obviously this should not be so."

Kills Children; Blames Husband.
St. Louis, Mo., April 20.—Mrs. Katie Shagers last night charged to death her two children, Len, five years of age, and Mary, four years of age. She then stuffed cotton in the throats of her two other children, Cora, nine months old, and Anna, Mary, three years, and hanged them, seriously injuring both. After attacking the children she wrote a note blaming her husband, Perry Shagers. She was taken to the observation ward of the city hospital.

By Briggs



Never Give Up

YOUR nose may be battered, your jawbone nicked
Your visage may be a sight,
But always remember you're never licked
While still you can stand and fight.
No matter how badly they mess your map,
It won't be beyond repair.
And it still is a chance that you'll win the scrap
As long as the punch is there.

YOU'LL make mistakes and you'll do things wrong,
The best of them always do;
But as soon as you get to going strong
Your grit will see you through.
They smashed Paul Jones to a fare-you-well,
But he didn't observe "good night."
He merely paused in his tracks to yell
That he'd just begun to fight.

THERE'LL be plenty of folks to peddle gloom,
There'll be plenty of folks to say
That they see the terrible day of doom
Hurrying on its way.
But the fellow who knows that the fight is hard,
And still has the nerve to grin,
And never gets rattled and drops his guard,
Is the fellow that is going to win!



That Dear Little Shoe

WHAT magic there is in this little shoe
That I hold in the hollow of my hand;
It bears the shape of a dear little foot,
Though cut and scarred by the rocks and sand.

THE sole is thin, the heel run down,
The string is all frayed and torn;
There is a cut on the side, one eyelet gone,
It looks old and tattered and worn.

THOUGH old and worn it may seem
To me it is a thing of joy;
For inside its form there has snuggled
The foot of my dear little boy.

MAY the road that leads out before him,
Though rough, be straight and true,
May the love of his dear guide him,
God bless you—my little shoe.

—T. L.

PRESIDENT'S HAND BURNED BY GRASPING EXHAUST PIPE

Washington, D. C., April 20.—The hand received by president Wilson yesterday, when he grasped a hot exhaust pipe as he climbed from the fighting tank Britannia after a ride around the white house grounds, will require a month, it was said today. The president played golf almost every day. The hand was injured when he fell down some steps today, but promised not to be serious.

Practically every acre in the country is sowed and doing great work for the state, women's war relief.

INVENTS A FLY SCREEN THAT IS ALSO A FLY TRAP

W. J. Elin, of his Myrtle avenue, has invented a screen that will catch and kill flies. It takes the place of a regular screen on the average window and is made in the form of a V, the top half of the window sitting down into the V and leaving a small opening on the outside for the fly to get in. Instead of getting into the house, he is trapped and a poison inside kills him. The screen not only keeps the flies out, but traps them as well. Mr. Elin has secured a patent on the screen and is now planning to manufacture them on a large scale.

EL PASO HERALD

DEDICATED TO THE SERVICE OF THE PEOPLE, THAT NO GOOD CAUSE SHALL LACK A CHAMPION, AND THAT EVIL SHALL NOT THRIVE UNOPPOSED.

H. B. Slater, editor and controlling owner, has directed The Herald for 20 years. J. C. Williams is Manager and G. A. Martin is News Editor.

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SKINNY SHANER'S STRIP



GOAT GRABBERS
AL G. BRAH, THE MATH TEACHER WHO'S
BRAINS EQUAL X. UNKNOWN.
ILLUSTRATION
WALTER BERNOT.

WELL-KNOWN SAYINGS ILLUSTRATED BY
A. POLONY



CUTTING HIS PICTURE OUT OF THE PAPER TO PUT IN HIS SCRAP BOOK.
IT DON'T LOOK A BIT LIKE ME!

Answer to Yesterday's
WHEN IS A GIRL LIKE A MIRROR? WHEN SHE IS A GOOD LOOKING LASS.
WHY IS A BAKER A SORT OF A NUT?

Wipe!
FROM JOHN POWERS, — U. S. A.
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